

Good Blood—Good Health

Are what everybody wants, but comparatively few have. If you are tired and weak in the morning, have no appetite, have indigestion or dyspepsia, sleeplessness, scrofula sores, blood humors, pains of rheumatism, diarrhoea, catarrh in the head, your blood is not good. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to make good blood and good health. It contains great curative virtue and promptly gives nerve, muscular and digestive strength. The small dose, three times a day, and the positive results, absolutely prove its merit. The reduction in price and the removal of the stamp tax make it by far the most economical of all family medicines. Get a bottle today. "One bottle would be followed directly by another, painful and annoying. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla gave such relief I never have had a bottle since." Mrs. Anna Cornwell, Bridgeton, N. J. Hood's Pills help as a laxative.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

MAKES RICH RED BLOOD AND PROMOTES HEALTH

POSTMASTERS AVERAGE WELL

Everyone of 7000 Appointed By Pres. Harding Passed

ON EXAMINATION OF CIVIL SERVICE

The Results Are Considered Very Satisfactory

Washington, D. C., March 25.—President Harding has signed approximately 7,000 commissions for postmasters since his inauguration, it was made known to-day. Under present civil service rules each postmaster, before appointment, must pass an examination and all of the 7,000 appointed passed with fair averages, it was announced.

NEW YORK GROWING FAST.

Has Increased 219,000 Since 1920 Census, It Is Estimated.
New York, March 24.—New York City has increased its population by 219,000 since the federal census was taken in 1920, making the present population 5,839,738, said a report issued to-day by the health department. The population is estimated each year by the department in order to compute the city's death rate.

Death of Widely Known Woman.

Andover, Mass., March 24.—Agnes Park, daughter of the late Professor Edward A. Park of Andover Theological seminary, a woman widely known because of her activities in behalf of "hot academy," of which she was a graduate, died at her home here aged 77. Her niece, Miss Marion Park, dean of Radcliffe college, is president-elect of Byrn Mv.



Cuticura Promotes Good Hair
Treatment: At night rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp all over the scalp. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Repeat in two weeks.
Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 100, Malden, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. 14c. 25c. Cuticura Soap shares without mail.

Melbourne's Mot.

"Who remembers when one's newspaper used to come to one damp and clammy," queries an exchange. We do, is there a prize? Speaking of that, the story is told of Lord Melbourne in those old days meeting an editor who had attacked him in the newspaper. The editor was bundled up and remarked that he had a severe cold. "Ah!" said Lord Melbourne, "that comes of lying on damp sheets."—Boston Transcript.

A Disadvantage.

City man—I suppose you find your automobile a great improvement over your old horse, farmer.
Old farmer—Well, in some ways, yes, and in other ways, no. I can't get up sleep on my way home from town and wake up in the barnyard, like I could with old Dobbin.—Boston Transcript.

Consistency.

Betty (chattering away)—The idea of Bob whitening to attract my attention; I felt insulted and wouldn't notice him—Hark! What's that! It's Jack honking his auto horn for me to come out. Excuse me, dad, I must go.—Boston Transcript.

SPAULDING WAS ELIMINATED "FRUIT-A-TIVES" CURE HEADACHES

Put Out of State High School Championship By Montpelier High

LATTER TO PLAY HARDWICK TO-DAY

Burlington High Was Put Out By Cathedral High

Burlington, March 25.—The opening round of the Vermont high school basketball championship, played in the University of Vermont gymnasium last evening, resulted in the elimination of Burlington high school by Cathedral high school of Burlington, 19 to 12; of Spaulding high school of Barre by Montpelier high school, 27 to 16; of St. Albans high school by Woodstock high school, 24 to 20; and of Troy Conference academy by Hardwick academy, 29 to 15.

The second round will be played this afternoon when Cathedral high school and Woodstock high school will meet and Montpelier high school and Hardwick academy will come together. The winners in those two matches will play off for the championship to-night. The best game last evening was between Cathedral and Burlington, the latter being somewhat handicapped by the absence of three of their regular players, Prouty, Rand and Katz, who were ill and unable to participate. Cathedral was able to force ahead only in the last few minutes of play when the Burlington defense crumbled and Captain Boileau dropped in two and Polworth and Gervais one apiece.

In the Spaulding-Montpelier game, Spaulding's shooting eye was dim. Sheridan of Montpelier was the sharpshooter of the game, getting six baskets from the floor and scoring nearly half of his team's points. Slayton of Spaulding worked hard and piled up 10 of his team's 16 points. The score:

Montpelier H. S.	Gls.	Fts.	Pts.
Massucco, rf	1	0	2
Comi, lf	2	0	4
Spooner, lf, rf	0	0	0
Sheridan, c	6	0	12
Barney, rg	1	7	9
Dillon, lg	0	0	0
	10	7	27

Spaulding H. S.	Gls.	Fts.	Pts.
Turney, rf	2	0	4
Watkins, lf	0	0	0
Burke, lf	0	0	0
Nicola, c	1	0	2
Slayton, rg	3	4	10
O'Leary, lg	0	0	0
	6	4	16

Conversational Cement.

are often used to mend broken promises. As you say, Aurelia honeyed words is.—Boston Transcript.

Because it is a Fruit Medicine made from Fruit Juices



GEORGE H. SCOTT

WHITEHALL, N. Y.
"In 1912, I was attacked by Severe Headaches, coming on at intervals of two weeks, and lasting two days and two nights."

I tried seven different kinds of pills. One day while in Burlington, Vermont, I found an empty "Fruit-A-Tives" box. I saw it was a fruit medicine, made from fruit juices, and useful for liver complaint; and I came to the conclusion it was my liver that was causing my Headaches.

I procured a box of "Fruit-A-Tives" or "Fruit Laxo Tablets" and waited results. The headaches did not materialize until the third week; and have never had a headache since and that was four years ago."

GEORGE H. SCOTT.
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or from FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

GROTON

High School Won Seven and Lost Eight Games During Season.

Thursday, March 23, Groton H. S. played last game of the season with Woodville H. S. seconds and won 23 to 14. The game was tough. Groton having a safe lead throughout the whole game. Groton won seven and lost eight games during the season. The score:

Groton H. S.	Gls.	Fts.	Pts.
F. Clark, lf	1	5	7
Eastman, lf	0	0	0
Secchiari, rf	3	0	6
Adams, c	2	0	4
Ashford, c	1	0	2
R. Clark, lg	1	0	2
Morrison, rg	1	0	2
	9	5	23

Woodville H. S.	Gls.	Fts.	Pts.
Ashley, lf	1	0	2
L. Evans, rf	2	0	4
Wright, c	1	0	2
R. Evans, c	2	0	4
Stone, lg	1	0	2
Wright, rg	0	0	0
	7	0	14

Last week Friday night Groton H. S. defeated Cabot H. S. at Cabot, the score being 20 to 15. The lineup:

Groton H. S.	Gls.	Fts.	Pts.
F. Clark, lf	2	1	5
Secchiari, rf	3	0	6
Adams, c	3	0	6
Ashford, c	0	0	0
R. Clark, lg	1	1	3
	9	2	20

Cabot H. S.	Gls.	Fts.	Pts.
L. Walbridge, lf	1	0	2
F. Smith, rf	3	0	6
T. Walbridge, c	2	0	4
Orrie, lg	0	0	0
B. Walbridge, rg	2	1	5
	7	1	15

Canada's Growth.

Complete returns of the Canadian decennial census for 1921 show an increase of the population of the Dominion in that year to 8,769,480, from 7,208,343 in 1911—a gain of 1,562,846, or nearly twenty-two per cent. Every province in the Dominion has increased its population except Prince Edward Island and Yukon—the increase having been largest, naturally, in the western provinces, with the exception of Yukon, and smallest in the east. The rate of increase of population in Canada in this period has been larger than that of the United States in the corresponding period, for the rate of increase in this country was but 11.9 per cent between 1910 and 1920. However, the great disparity between the population of the two countries prevents anything that might be called a gain on the part of Canada upon the United States, for the actual numerical increase in the United States in each decennial period is and has always been, larger than the entire population of the Dominion at the time. Our numerical increase from 1910 to 1920 was 12,738,354. We are adding to our great population every ten years a greater number of people than the entire population of the Dominion. The growth of the Dominion, just the same, is most substantial, and it represents a genuine national prosperity. Canada has at this moment much more room for growth than continental United States, and its undeveloped western regions are attracting settlers from our own western states. A larger proportionate increase of population and wealth may be looked for in the present decade than in the last, since the war interrupted immigration to a great degree, and the condition of over-population now prevailing in Great Britain cannot fail to stimulate emigration to Canada. Already the population of the Dominion is greater than that of the majority of European countries—greater than Holland, greater than Sweden, greater than Denmark, greater than Portugal, and nearly twice as great as that of either Scotland or Ireland. For a people already so numerous as the Canadians, possessing the highest character and intelligence, and endowed with such magnificent resources, a career of national greatness must certainly be assured.—Boston Transcript.

ADOPTING A SCHOOL TEACHER

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

I hadn't been in North Bartlettville for some months and I hadn't seen old aunt Mari Stedman for a year, so when I stepped into her clean, poor little kitchen, I settled down for a real visit and to hear the news.

As aunt Mari bent her rheumatic knees creakily and dropped into a chair by me, I noticed she was sewing on some little square pieces of bright-colored cotton cloth. "Starting a new quilt?" I asked.

"I've got something better to do than that!" she answered with her usual spicy, lively accent, "I've adopted a school teacher!"

"Why, what do you mean?" I queried, "I never heard of such a thing."

"I wouldn't be such a bad thing if more folks did it," she said. "Everybody adopted orphans during the war, and they're 'way across the water. And school teachers are right under our noses."

Now aunt Mari lives on half of nothing a year, managing somehow what a large number of children and a pig and hens, and adding to her tiny income whatever she can make by hooking rugs and crocheting lace. The only thing she will accept from her relatives is to let them pay for the telephone which makes it safe for her to live alone as she does. I really couldn't guess I'd like to think that folks took an interest in her. And when she came up opposite, I called out to her and said wouldn't she come in and sit down for a minute, and have an apple? She looked so surprised! She told me afterwards that it was the first friendly word anybody in town had spoken to her.

"And she came in and 'twasn't long before I was hearing all about her troubles. Not one family in all that district, and most of them have got disband spare rooms, would take her to board. No sir, 'twas too much trouble. They never had taken in boarders and they couldn't be bothered, new help was so hard to get, and washing cost so much, and all the rest. And she had to walk two miles to the village and live in the Tavern, that may be respectable enough as far as travelers go, but 'twasn't no fit place for a nice young girl and you know it, with traveling men coming and going at all hours of the day and night and most news-knocks who troupe of actors and folks that come, showing trained dogs and things at the town hall, and half the time not another woman boarding there. And it cost so much it took all her money. And what would she do, come winter and bad weather?"

"What would you do?" I asked, knowing very well that aunt Mari's home only had two rooms and a lean-to for the kitchen.

"Haven't I got two rooms?" she demanded tartly, "and can I sleep in more than one at a time? I borrowed a folding bed from cousin Jim (it had stood in his attic ever since aunt Em died) and I set it up in the dining-room, and I took her right in. And I ain't a bit sorry either. It does me good to have a young person around. She helps with the dishes, and makes her own bed, and I don't charge her but just what it costs me."

"So that's the way you've adopted her?" I asked.

"No sirree, that's only the beginning. Ever since I've been helping her improve that school."

This was too much! Aunt Mari, 70 years old, without a cent, crippled with rheumatism, without an inch of margin to her scrimping narrow life, "helping improve a school."

"Why, whatever have you been able to do?" I asked incredulously.

"What haven't I done?" she retorted. "You know what scripture says about doing what your hand finds to do. Well, just knowing what goes on at school, has give my hand good and plenty to do! You see every evening Miss Rice talks more or less about what's been happening at school, little things, just ordinary little things. And do you know, I realize now, I've never known any more about the daily life of that school than if 'twas on the moon! Well, here for instance . . . it comes out that these poor ignorant little Bowling girls (you know what their mother is, and their father not much better) didn't even know the names of colors. How should they? Nobody at home ever to take the trouble to do more than knock 'em side the head. Well, I got out my pocket-book and picked out pieces of the principal colors, and sewed 'em together to make a sort of color book and give it to the teacher."

"A day or so after it came out she hadn't any washbasin or soap . . . say, honest, did you have any idea that there were schools in Vermont without any soap or water to wash the children's hands? It gives me a turn to hear about it. I went out in the woodshed, and took my extra washbasin I keep there, and fixed her up some soft soap in a bottle, with a hole in the cork, so the young ones could shake it out on their hands."

"After that she said she didn't have any interesting books to give the smart ones to read when they'd finished their lessons ahead of the others, and they got to fooling and cutting up the way children will, when they haven't anything to do. I called up my niece Anna, because I knew she had children's books her children never look at . . . they're mostly grown up now. She said, why, yes, of course, the school could have them, and could have had them years ago, only she didn't know they needed them. That's been the trouble. None of us knew, day by day, what was needed."

"Well, after that, it came out that she hadn't a mortal thing to give the children to play with, rainy days, when they had to stay in. So I made 'em some bean bags, and got Hiram Willing to saw holes in a board to make the board. Those young ones have actually played one set of bags to pieces, and I'm making 'em a second."

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Sloan's Liniment

Pain's enemy

and set this minute. And that made me think about games, and I telephoned around and got hold of a checkboard and a backgammon board that folks weren't using. And I cut some big letters out of the magazines and pasted them on pieces of cardboard and made them a set for that spelling game, logomachy, they call it. And I spliced some old rope into rings, and made 'em a set of ring-toss. Oh, lots of things came into my mind when I remembered back when I was a little girl.

"It's been fun. And what else? Oh yes," aunt Mari began to laugh. "I found out that nobody said any more attention to the truant law than as if it didn't exist. You know what the law is, that every child's got to go to school as long as he's of school age. Well, knowing that was the law I'd never thought a thing about it. Supposed of course they did. Well not a bit of it! Once I began to take notice of what went on about schools, I found that there were families of children in this town, that live far back up the hills, that hadn't been to school regular, never! Miss Rice, being a stranger in town, thought all she could do was to go to the truant officer about it."

"But who is the truant officer in town? Well, who but Jim Rathbone, my cousin Jim, and what does he care whether the Burrit children go to school or not? Less than nothing. Nor nobody else, till Miss Rice told me about it. Why that big Burrit boy, that's 11 now, is a nice bright boy as ever was, and he couldn't hardly read the name of the town he lived in last fall. Well, Miss Rice couldn't think of anything to do about getting the Burrits to school except to go to the proper officer about it. And he being cousin Jim, that's all the good it did."

"But I could think of something else, you'd better believe. I went to Jim's wife, and his daughter and I called up the family every morning at breakfast time to ask 'em if the Burrit children were going to school that day. And I got all the neighbors round here stirred up too, and they'd telephone once or twice every day, and the men folks when they went to town and see Jim, they'd holler out, 'When are the Burrit children comin' to school?' We kind of made a game of it. But 'twasn't no game for Jim. He was as mad as a hornet. You'd think to hear him going on, that we were all picking on him without cause, and that every evening when he went to the truant officer, he'd holler out, 'When are the Burrit children comin' to school?'

"She was laughing, too, and now she says, 'Well, you ought to hear Jim Rathbone swear he'll never be truant again. I rather think we'll get somebody elected next March meeting that will expect to do something!'"

At this moment the car came back for me and I had to leave, aunt Mari hobbling to the door and calling after me. "Goodness, I ain't told you had never seen anybody before. Miss Rice and I take special notice of them and she sends them over here to get washed and combed when they come to school very bad . . . you know their mother ain't more'n half witted, for all she's so good natured. Miss Rice has made an arrangement with their folks to keep them down here nights when it's too stormy to get back up there in the hollow, and we're learning them all sorts of decent ways, between us."

"Well, for mercy sakes!" I exclaimed, "will you please tell me where you put four children, as well as a school teacher, over night?"

Aunt Mari explained, "Miss Rice and I sleep together, and we put two of them in the other bed, and the other two we send over to the Perkinses—they've got an extra bed, and I told Jen Perkins I'd like to know what better use she could make of her spare room than to help civilize some children in her own town that never would get in any other way."

"Oh, yes, I knew how aunt Mari would say that, with her old jaw set, and her sharp eyes piercing. I understand how Jen Perkins would not have dared say no. Yes, I quite understand what it had meant for the school officer to have valiant old aunt Mari adopt her—and with her the school and education of the children in her district. And although I was shouting a 'hurrah for aunt Mari!' in my heart, I was also laughing inwardly at the picture of the marshaling of public opinion in the matter of the truant officer, with aunt Mari marching at the head!"

She was laughing, too, and now she says, "Well, you ought to hear Jim Rathbone swear he'll never be truant again. I rather think we'll get somebody elected next March meeting that will expect to do something!'"

"Oh'll go ye," said Pat. Mike shuffled the cards, then laid them down and went into the adjoining room. Returning with an axe he cut the deck cleanly in two with one blow.

"Oh'll thank ye for the quarter," he said triumphantly.

"No ye, won't," returned Pat, fishing the ace of diamonds out of his pocket. "Oh slipped it from the deck while ye went after the axe."—Boston Transcript.

Insignificant.

Cholly—I should weally like to see myself as others see me, don't you know.

Miss Keen—You wouldn't give your self a second glance.—Boston Transcript.

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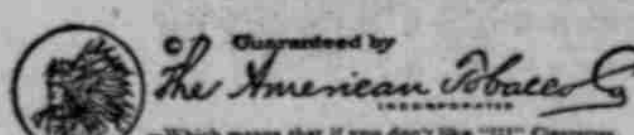
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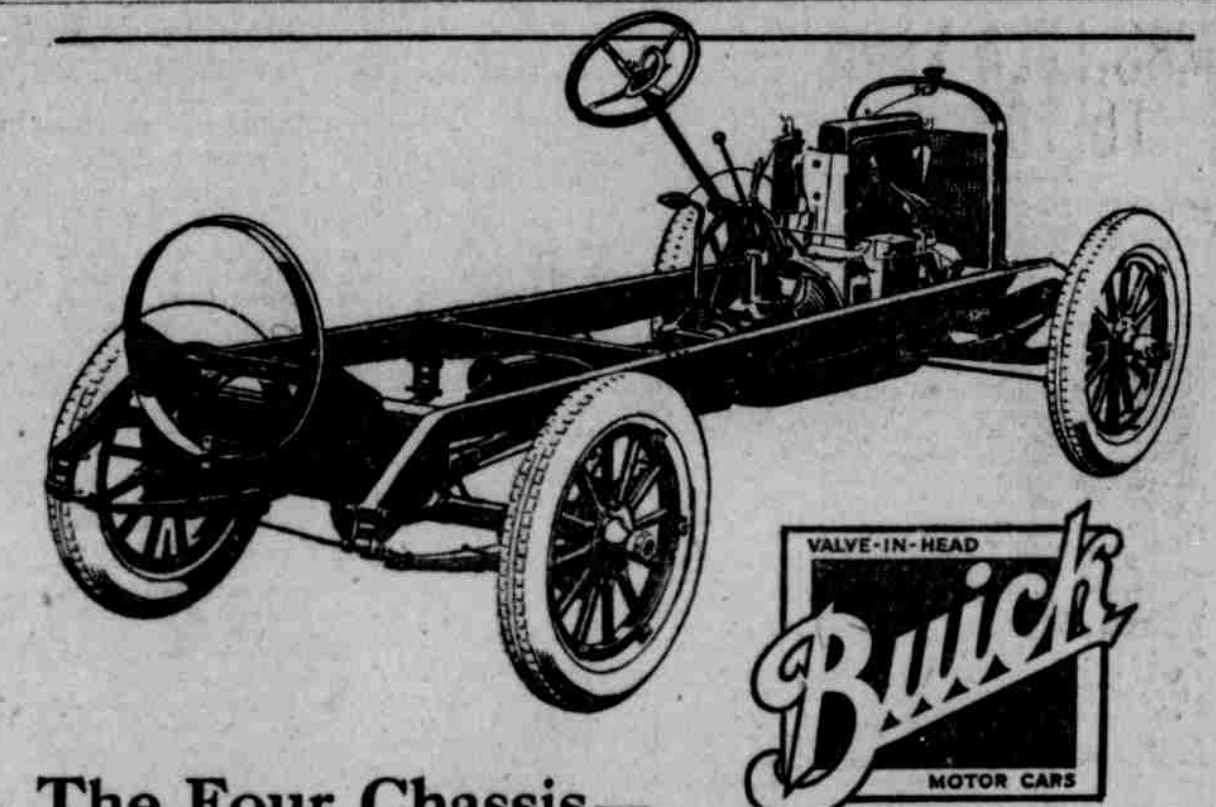
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